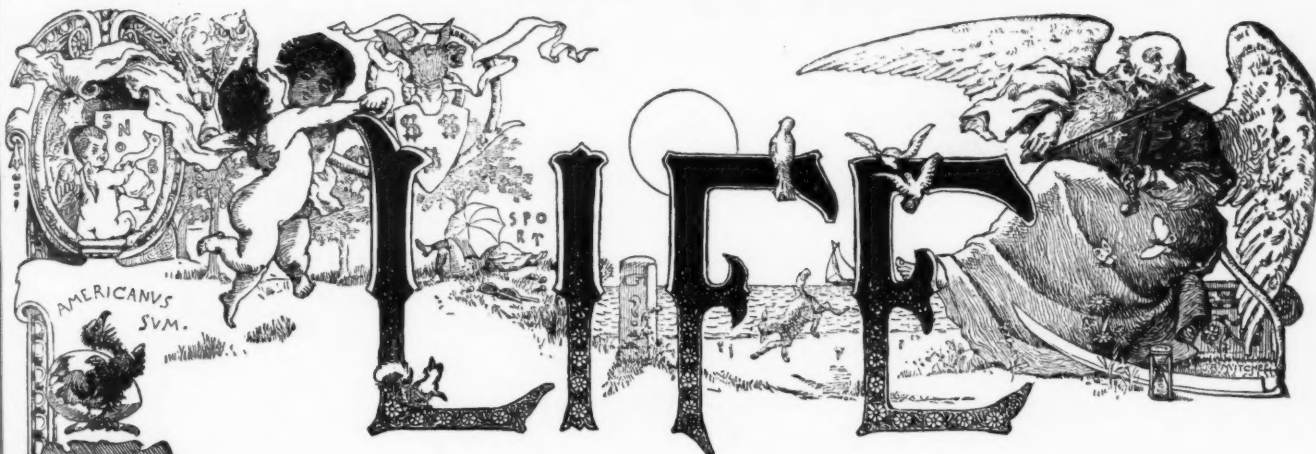


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"GENTLEMEN," said the orator, "go along our wharves, from one end to the other, and what will you find?"

"Water," remarked a practical young man in the crowd.—*Light*.

HENRY NARD BEECHER used to tell the story of a traveler who, finding himself and his dog in a wild country and destitute of provisions, cut off his dog's tail for his own supper, giving the dog the bone.—*Argonaut*.

FIRST MANAGER: St. Louis is a pretty dead theatrical town, isn't it?

SECOND MANAGER: Dead is no name for it. You have to send carriages to the dead-heads.

FIRST MANAGER: But a good deal depends upon what the attraction is, doesn't it?

SECOND MANAGER: Doesn't make any difference at all. You couldn't get a good audience for the Declaration of Independence with the original cast.—*America*.

FAST TRAINS FOR THOUSAND ISLANDS

leave Grand Central Station, daily, via New York Central, at 4:50 p.m., with through Wagner sleeping car to Clayton, and at 9:15 p.m., with through Wagner sleeping car to Cape Vincent, via Utica, making direct connections with steamers for Alexandria Bay and Thousand Island resorts.

HER GIRL CHUM (*sweetly*): What did John get you for a birthday present?

MRS. YOUNGWIFE (*mournfully*): Not a thing.

H. G. C. (*emphatically*): Why, how did that happen?

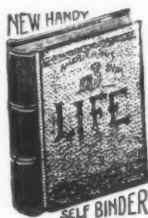
MRS. Y. (*weeping*): Well, you see, he asked me (sobs) what he should get for me, and—and—I (more sobs) told him I'd love him just as—just as well (sobs) if he didn't get me any thing, and—he—didn't.—*West Shore*.

IMPROVED TRAIN SERVICE FOR ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS.

A through Wagner sleeping car for Paul Smith's and Tupper Lake Station, leaves Grand Central Station, daily, on the North Shore Limited, at 4:50 p.m., via New York Central.

LITTLE ISAAC: O, fader! Loog ad de shtars, how dey shine?

SCHONBERG: Don't loog ad de shtars, Ikey; loog ad de moon, id's bigger.—*New York Sun*.



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MRS. ARISTO CRAT: My son, the courts have decided that a girl is entitled to the ring even after the engagement is broken off.

ARISTO CRAT, JR.: Yes, mother.

MRS. ARISTO CRAT: My son, I can no longer allow you to keep my wedding ring. It must be returned at once.—*Jewelers' Weekly*.

DAUGHTER: Father, I believe I was born to marry a nobleman.

FATHER: Yes, but, daughter, try to look on the bright side of life—perhaps you'll die. *Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly*.

Agassiz said of Coronado: "A climate that has no equal." The average mean temperature for 10 years has been: July, 87.1; Aug., 69. For full particulars, address E. S. BARCOCK, JR., Manager of the HOTEL DEL CORONADO.

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San Diego Co.,  
California.

"THANK heaven!" said Shakespeare's ghost; "thank heaven and bless'd be the cyclone."

"Why so grateful, William?" asked the spook of Queen Elizabeth.

"Because, me liegess, the paper says the cyclone destroyed several Hamlets."—*New York Herald*.



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VOLUME XVI.

# LIFE

NUMBER 356.

## A NEW AUTHOR.

IT is announced that the manuscript of Mr. Ward McAllister's "Society as I Have Found It," has been placed in the hands of his publishers, the Cassell Publication Company. It will be issued with a portrait of its author made from a recent photograph.

We are afraid Mr. Ward McAllister's friends have played him a cruel trick. That he should take himself seriously is not surprising; all animate objects have the same tendency; but that his friends should allow him to run his head into print is much to be regretted. When one considers the "society" of which Mr. McAllister writes, that is, New York fashionable society, its absolute unimportance and lack of influence in matters of any moment, it is difficult to speculate upon what its historian can write about. Although Mr. McAllister is not considered a gentleman of unusual intellect, his microscopic eye may enable him to compile a volume that will create a flutter among his feminine admirers.



He: WON'T YOU MARRY ME IF YOUR FATHER CONSENTS?  
She: No; BUT I WILL PROVIDING YOUR RICH AUNT DOESN'T OBJECT.



A COUNTRY SEAT.





"While there's Life there's Hope."  
VOL. XVI. JULY 31, 1890. NO. 396.  
28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., bound, \$30.00; Vol. II., bound, \$15.00; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX., X., XI., XII., XIII., XIV. and XV., bound or in flat numbers, at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Subscribers wishing address changed will greatly facilitate matters by sending old address as well as new.

EVERYONE who can afford it has several homes these days adapted to the several seasons. Uncle Sam is a well-to-do gentleman, in spite of the demands that are made upon him. He has a very pleasant Winter home in Washington, but what is he thinking of that he should try to live there in the Summer? There has been more or less comment because sundry gentlemen in whom benevolence is accused of being tempered by enterprise lately provided a convenient sea-side retreat for the family of the President. There should have been no occasion for either the benevolence or the comment. There ought to be an official Summer home for the Chief Magistrate as well as a Winter residence. To move the whole machinery of government away from Washington in Summer might be too serious an undertaking, but that the President and Congress should be expected to stay there is a mistake that time must certainly set right. That select body, the Court of Appeals of the State of New York, goes to Saratoga for its Spring session, and enjoys the relaxation of that retreat in the intervals of business. Here is an example for Congress to follow. Why should it not adjourn on the first of June to a convenient watering place and put in the rest of the Summer's work under the inspiration of sea-breezes or mountain air? The effect of the Summer girl, which might be disastrous to younger men, need hardly be a cause of apprehension to the mature gentlemen who make our laws. The President, of course, could go along. Fancy now, as our British cousins would say, how such a movement would ameliorate the work of legislation; and only think what a magnificent boom would result to the chosen Summer retreat! It need not always be the same retreat. It might be Bar Harbor one Summer, Newport the next, and White Sulphur, Richfield, Saratoga, Niagara, the Yellowstone, and so on, indefinitely. Who can doubt that Legislation under such treatment would cease to be "sectional," and who can estimate the benefit to the country from the increased inducement thus offered to members of our intelligent leisure class to embrace a congressional career!

THE question of the hour in politics is: What will Uncle Samuel say when he comes to overhaul his accounts and observe how much his Republican Congress has spent? There are some tremendous bills for Uncle Samuel to foot, and parties who have had their ears close to the ground report that the old man knows it, and can be heard even now dog-goning his old bones for his folly in discharging Grover Cleveland, and taking on this Hired Man Harrison, who is no check at all upon the rest of the help. Let's see! About how many hundred millions a year would Grover be worth to Uncle Samuel these days?

MR. WANAMAKER'S bill to raise the postal rate on periodical paper-covered novels from one cent to eight cents a pound isn't in all respects so good a bill as one that reduced the rate on bound books from eight cents a pound to one cent. But the principle of putting all books on the same footing in the mails is right, and if bound books can't go cheaper let periodical novels pay more. The lesser rate must come some time, and might, perhaps, come now, but for the unutterable extravagance of Congress.

AN essay in an August magazine by Mrs. Phelps-Ward on "The Decolleté in Modern Life" is described as "a text from which the writer argues an alarming decay in delicacy in American society, and traces the effects of this decay in our art, in our literature, in politics, and throughout the whole range of American activity." My! this is dreadful; but can we not hope it isn't so bad as it seems! Wasn't it Mrs. Ward who abandoned her hired house in Georgetown (D. C.), last Winter, with the explanation that the rush of commerce past her door made composition impossible! And does it not seem likely that the sensibilities of a lady who found the activities of Georgetown intolerable, may be so quickened as to detect an alarming decay in circumstances at which the normal cheek would neither blanch nor redden? Let us take courage and hope that we are not so rotten as Mrs. Ward fears, and that the trouble is merely that she is not as tough as we are.

IN all the protracted newspaper reports of the marriages of American girls to titled foreigners, there is not a line, as Mr. Blaine would say, that opens a market for another bushel of wheat or another barrel of pork. That is the trouble about those foreign marriages. Reciprocity is not in them. The McKinley bill would be less unpopular if it could get a prohibitory cinch around them somewhere.

CHEEKY.

IF "dans l'amour  
Il y a toujours"—  
The proverb isn't new—  
'L'un qui baise"—  
For so it says—  
"Et l'autre qui tend la joue."

It seems to me,  
Ma chère amie,  
The one to kiss I'd seek  
To be, and so  
I'd like to know  
If you'll supply the cheek?  
Wm. B. McVickar.

A SEEMING ERROR.

CLEVERTON: I see the  
papers are criticising  
your grammar in our inter-  
view the other day. You had  
asked Travers to dinner and  
you said "I don't see why  
Travers don't come" in-  
stead of "doesn't come."

DASHAWAY (*gloomily*):  
Those editors don't know  
Travers. When I ask him  
to dinner I always refer to him  
as plural.

A VACATION AND THE  
RESULT.

Two weeks	{	Maid one.
at		
Bar Harbor:		Maid won.
N. Y., Six	{	Made one.
months later:		R. C.



SOMETHING NEW IN DRESS GOODS.



T.S. Sullivan

WHAT HAVE WE HERE—WHY STANDS YON MAN AGHAST?  
VERILY, FRIEND, IT IS BECAUSE HE IS TAKING AN OBJECT LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY.  
OUT OF THE SHADOWY REALMS OF NEVERMORE FLOATS BACK TO HIM THE MEMORY OF  
HIS SCHOOLBOY DAYS, AND THE HUM OF THE RATTAN SWITCH RISES IN THE SOFT SUMMER AIR.  
AND BEHOLD, EVEN NOW IT IS SUMMER—MIDSUMMER.  
TORRID!

AND INDEED IN THESE DAYS, AS HE CAN SEE, THERE COMETH A MIGHTY HOT TIME  
BETWEEN CAPRICORN AND CANCER.

WHAT CHILDHOOD'S SIMPLE FAITH ACCEPTED WITHOUT QUESTION, IT HATH BEEN  
VOUCHSAFED THE EYE OF MANHOOD TO BEHOLD!

ONE AUTHOR AVENGED.

GREAT PUBLISHER: Ha! I see De Writer is dead. Haven't we a manu-  
script of his?

ASSISTANT (*looking over the records*): Yes, sir; here is one accepted and  
paid for years ago.

PUBLISHER: Good. Get it ready for publication at once, with a sketch of  
his life, and—

ASSISTANT: But—but, wait. My! my! I'm afraid this has been kept too  
long. It is entitled: "The Comforts of The Modern Horse-Cars."



Before

## OUR FRESH AIR FUND



After

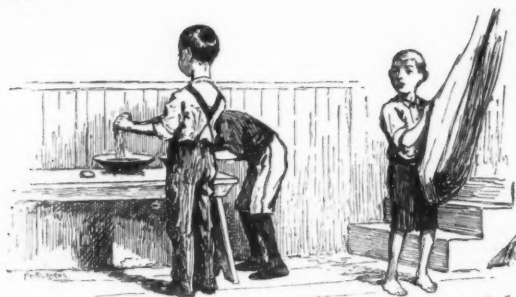
"LIFE'S" Village is now alive with children. These children have good nourishing food, and all they want of it. Those who do not leave our hands in a perceptibly better condition than that in which they came are rare exceptions. The appetites that accompany our guests are of the finest quality. Three times a day we make a gallant effort to satisfy their cravings, and always with success.

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H. K. B., Paris.....	From Cash.....	5 00
Sydney B. D.....	A Lady.....	2 00
Margaret Allyn.....	A Farmington Girl.....	5 00
In His Name.....	"From My Baby".....	10 00
Paul and Helena.....	A Friend.....	2 00
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Bessie H.....	Library.....	25 00
B.....		
V. B. Q.....		
	Total.....	\$3,867 30

### A PROPER SEASONING.

BRIGGS: What has Robinson got on that pepper and salt suit for?

GRIGGS: I understand that he is going to be a missionary.



A SKETCH AT OUR VILLAGE.  
IN ONE OF THE WASH ROOMS.



### AWAY FROM BOOKS AND NEWS.

MY DEAR JACK:

You write that you have the prospect of closing your desk in the office of the *Daily Whirl* for a month, of sweeping the scraps and shreds of Associated Press despatches into your basket, of writing one more "display head" on a "Terrible Loss of Life,"—and then for the Wilderness. For weeks you have dreamed of a bed of spruce boughs, of a bark camp with a leaping fire on the side that is open toward the lake—and now you are ready to make it all something better than "a vision of the night." You recall that *Sant' Ilario* and I once went into camp together on Cedar Island, and you would like to know more about the place.

My dear fellow, I envy you the prospect of these weeks in the Adirondacks, and, if I can help you to find the road to the Mysterious Island, I shall surely add to the sum of human happiness.

I shall let you find your way to Utica and Boonville by prosaic steam-cars and time-tables.

While you are waiting for dinner at Moose River, you will hear strange tales of the horrors of the Old Forge road, in the days before the railroad. Nothing that an Adirondack guide can invent will quite equal the roughness of that road. After five years it is vividly before me as a memory of yesterday. Yet for out-and-out amusement the "railroad" beats it. You cross a bridge at Moose River, and on the banks of the stream are the "terminal facilities,"—a shed containing the entire rolling-stock of the road—a Tom Thumb engine, a short platform car (for passengers) with a zinc roof supported by iron pipes, and another truck for freight and baggage. After several false starts which are made without sufficient headway for the first grade, you are off on the strangest piece of railway construction you have ever seen. A pathway has been cut through the densest forest, and the trees on each side are so tall and straight that you seem to be at the bottom of a green canyon. The road-bed is partly graded with logs, piled up in squares like a corn-cob house. The rails are wooden scantling about 3 by 4 inches, laid upon parallel unhewn logs. Like two huge brown snakes they creep through the forest, following the sinuosities of the land, and all its little hills and valleys, so that the journey is like a series of toboggan slides. You stop in the heart of



A SKETCH AT OUR VILLAGE.  
THE DINNER HOUR.





*She:* OH, ISN'T IT COLD! THERE MUST BE ICEBERGS NEAR. DID YOU MEET ANY COMING OVER?  
*He:* ONE. SHE WAS FROM BOSTON.

the forest, and are invited by the genial old boy (who is conductor, engineer and fireman, all in one) to help carry wood for the engine. You slide and roll over another hill or two, and then stop at a trout brook while the engine takes up water through a huge proboscis. Bye-and-bye, after two hours of adventure, during which you have penetrated nine miles of wilderness, you come upon a winding stream, known as the North Branch.

There is awaiting you a boat which is as strange a craft as any that ever steamed away to a Mysterious Island—flat bottom, square ends, rounded corners, a deck around the smoke-stack, side-wheels driven by levers like grasshopper legs, and a fireman whose chief duty it is to shove the boat around the ox-bows with a pole.

And what a voyage you have up the North Branch in the late afternoon! You are ascending another canyon of green; alders fringe the banks of the stream and dip into it, while above them rise walls of spruce, and balsam, and hemlock, and birch,—tier upon tier of variegated green. The river turns on itself like a chain of S's, sometimes almost making a figure 8. You reach the end of the journey up the enchanted stream about supper time, and are driven in a carryall to the Forge House. From its piazza you get a view of the first of the series of lakes and ponds known as the Fulton Chain, and right at your feet you see a graceful little steamer waiting to carry you to the Island.

In the early twilight Captain Jack takes his place at the bow—tall

and straight, clear blue eyes, curly iron-gray hair, a trim uniform—altogether the handsomest man on the Chain, as he surely has been one of the best guides for many years. He stands at the wheel, with curious little mail pouches all around him. The little steamer zig-zags from camp to camp, and at every wharf there are men and women with greetings and chaff for Jack. You seem to steam up the lakes between cross-fires of laughter—and now the spirit of the woods is upon you, and you feel that here is freedom, rest and good-will.

It is dark now, and the camp-fires are twinkling all along the shores. In the tortuous inlets between the lakes you have plucked water lilies, and raised your eyes to find yourself suddenly out of the darkness on a broad sheet of water that mirrors every star. You glide among the stars, on and on in the keen night air, until in the very midst of the lake you see a black mound with lights flitting over it. As you near it a voice back of a swinging lantern cries "Hello, Captain Jack," and in a minute your boat scrapes the wharfs of the Mysterious Island.

I need not tell you what you will find there—except that it will be a hearty welcome, a spring-bed (it is better than spruce) in a bark cottage, within a few feet of the lake, a number of good guides, a raging hunger, and health and happiness from day to day.

Good-speed to you, and a safe return.

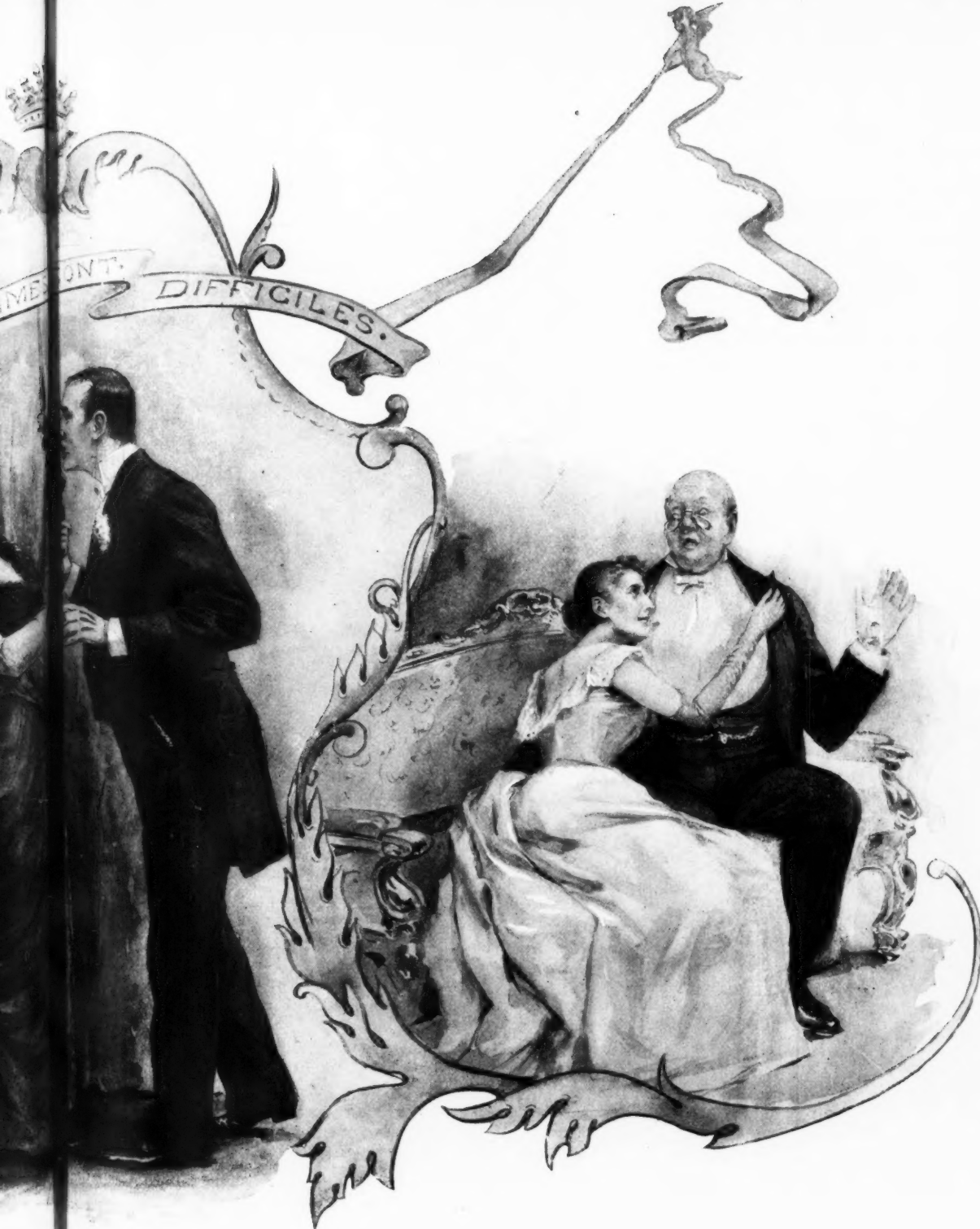
Yours ever,

*Droch.*





LIE.



THREE SHADES OF LOVE.

## LIFE'S PRIMER.

A JUDICIOUS use of this book will lighten the toil of the teacher, and at the same time awaken in the pupil a desire for knowledge that will be as far reaching as it is permanent.



A Oak.



A Oak-um.

BUT BUT-TER.

KID KID-NEY.



Is it a goat and a kid?  
It is a goat and a kid.  
Will the goat play with the kid?  
Oh, yes; the goat will play with the kid.  
See the goat play with the kid.

HOE.

HOSE.



See the girl. She is hoe-ing in the garden.  
How many hoes has the girl?  
The girl has three hoes, but two of them  
are striped hose.  
Run, girl, run!



## ONLY WORK FOR ONE.

Clerk: DOES IT TAKE YOU AN HOUR TO GO AROUND THE CORNER?

Boy: A MAN DROPPED A QUARTER DOWN A HOLE IN THE SIDE-WALK.

Clerk: AND IT TOOK YOU ALL THIS TIME TO GET IT OUT?

Boy: YES, SIR. I HAD TO WAIT TILL THE MAN WENT AWAY.

## CASTING PEARLS.

OLD PHILOSOPHER (*reprovingly*): I see you have a habit of judging men by their clothes.

YOUNG DE DUDE: Aw, yaas; that's th' only way, don't y' know.

PHILOSOPHER: Do you see that shabby looking man ahead? He is not quite in rags and tatters, but his clothes are terribly threadbare, and doubtless were the cheapest kind of ready-made garments when they were new. That man is a profound Greek and Latin scholar.

DE DUDE: Yaas; he looks it.

A MAN is known by the company his wife keeps.

NOT THE RIGHT KIND OF BAIT.

SALLY: Captain Shuffles says the harbor is full of sharks, and I am awfully afraid of them, aren't you?

CLARICE: Oh, I'm not afraid. The captain told me that they were all man-eating sharks.

AU REVOIR.

ABOARD AN OCEAN LINER.

W. K. ST. MARK (*leaving the table in the midst of dinner with a thoughtful and pallid air*): Au revoir.

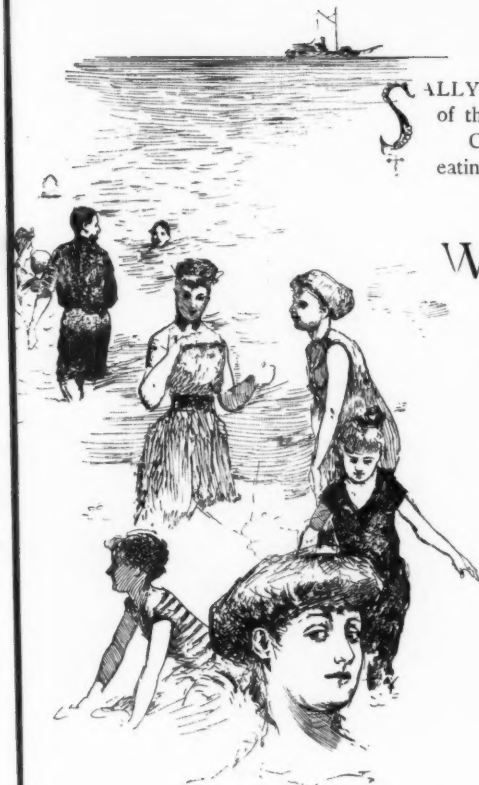
LADY OPPOSITE: Au revoir.

GENTLEMAN (*of an explanatory turn of mind, to lady*): Excuse me, madam; he did not say that to you, he said that to his dinner.

CUSTOMER: Will you give me a sample of this, please?

CLERK: Very sorry, ma'am, but we don't give samples any more.

CUSTOMER: Well, then, I'll take enough for a bathing suit.



OUT OF HER ELEMENT.

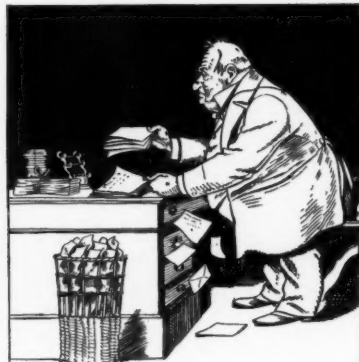
WIFE: My friends used to tell me I sang like an angel.

HUBBY: As that's the case, why don't you wait until you get to heaven?



"I NEVER ACCEPT PRESENTS."

THE LOST EYEGLASSES.







## HER TEA GOWN.

IN 'witching gown of dainty pink  
(To match her blushes),  
Preparing the seductive drink  
Bohea, midst plushes,  
Old rugs and bric-a-brac was she:  
A recollection  
That is the very pink, to me,  
Of sweet perfection.

'Twas surely not her tea has made  
My vision rosy.  
That now *couleur de rose* arrayed  
Life seems less prosy.  
And this to tell her I incline  
This very minute:  
I wish that dainty gown were mine—  
And she within it!

H. E. W.



## MEN ARE DECEIVERS.

Clara (who unfortunately cannot read): WHAT DOES IT SAY ON THAT BOARD, JIMMY?

Jimmy: OH, NOTHIN'; ONLY THAT DURING THE HOT WEATHER THE STAND WILL BE CLOSED AT THREE O'CLOCK!

IT is in the regular line of promotion for Congressmen to go into the Senate. There was Mr. Blaine. Made his money in the lower house, and then went to the Senate.

CIVILIZATION, Freddy, is carried in the color-box of the world. White kalsomine and black hair-cloth are taking to the woods.



IN WHICH THE MINISTER ALWAYS WINS.

MARRIAGE is a lottery, so 'tis said,  
So ministers, who loving couples wed,  
Are guilty, it is very plain to see,  
Of showing favor to a lottery.—*Boston Courier.*

HOOD used to tell a story of a hypochondriac who was in the habit, two or three times a week, of believing himself dying. On a certain occasion he was taken ill with one of his terrors while riding out in his gig, and happening at the time to see in the road ahead his family physician riding in his carriage in the same direction, he applied the whip to his horse to overtake the old doctor as soon as he possibly could. The doctor, however, seeing him coming, applied the whip to his own horse and as he had a nag that was considered a "goer," they had a close time of it for about three miles. But the hypochondriac, driving a fast horse, finally came alongside of the doctor, and exclaimed: "Hang it, doctor, pull up—pull up instantly. I am dying." "I think you are," cried the doctor: "I never saw any one going so fast."—*Argonaut.*

THERE is a lawyer with an office in one of the large buildings down town who is famous among his friends as a man who never loses his temper or allows his language to stray from the path of propriety. He was desperately busy the other day when a female book canvasser entered his private office, and as she advanced from the door announced her mission.

"I should like to show you a very valuable work," she began.  
"Madam," said the counselor, as he rose from his chair, "you must excuse me. I am very sorry, but at present I am engaged."

Evidently the agent had heard something of the kind before, for she didn't pause in her progress toward the lawyer's desk.

"Madam," he repeated, "I am engaged at present."

Still the agent came on.

"Madam," cried the lawyer in desperation, "I am engaged—and if you don't go away you will force me to be what I have never been before—guilty of rudeness to a woman."

That settled the agent. Probably the very vagueness of the threat helped to set her to retreating. But like a true woman she had the last word—and several of them—just as she vanished through the door.

"I ain't a woman," she said, "I'm a lady."—*New York Sun.*

A CERTAIN Western Legislature remodelled so many of the old laws, that it is said one member has gone so far as to draft a bill to amend the Ten Commandments.—*Light.*

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PRISONER: Certainly. I meant the Emperor Napoleon.

JUDGE: That is an idle subterfuge. Everybody knows that Napoleon is an intelligent man. We know you meant His Majesty, the Emperor of Austria.—*Argonaut.*

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INQUIRING GUEST: Waiter!

WAITER: Yes, sir.

INQUIRING GUEST: What is this you have let fall on my head?

WAITER: Dat, sah, is calf's brains on toast, sah.

INQUIRING GUEST (after long and careful observation): What a deuced idiot that calf must have been.—Exchange.

WHEN Emerson said, "Hitch your wagon to a star," did he mean marry an actress?—Exchange.

"WHY, do you suppose, Rover always carries his tail between his legs lately?"

"He never did it until we moved into a flat. I think he is afraid of hitting things, you know. He is so clever."—Fliegende Blaetter.

GASSAM: A man in Italy has lived forty days without food.

CUMSO: He was a business man who did not advertise, I suppose.

"ARE you aware, sir," said the man in the rear fiercely, "that your umbrella is poking me in the eye?"  
"It isn't my umbrella," replied the man in the front with equal fierceness. "It's a borrowed one, sir."—Chicago Tribune.

"WHICH is the best position in which to sleep?" asked a patient. "I usually lie down," replied the doctor.—Exchange.

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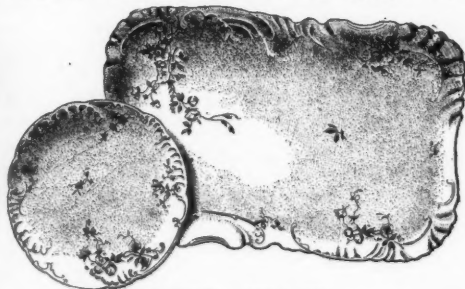


DISINTERESTED FRIENDSHIP.

**Bill:** Look, Tom, I took my winter overcoat down to the village and swopped it for a bottle of whiskey!

**Tom:** Take it away, Bill, take it away; (bitterly) if it hadn't been for whiskey I might ha' been a-rollin' in my own carriage this blessed day instid of bein' what I am. Take it away, Bill, take it away!—BUT STOP—YOUR BIRTHDAY'S IN A COUPLE OF MONTHS, ISN'T IT? HAND ME THE BOTTLE, BILL; YOU'VE BIN A GOOD FRIEND O' MINE AN' I'M A-GOIN' TO DRINK YOUR HEALTH, BILL, EVEN IF I HAVE TO DRAIN THE BOTTLE TO THE DREGS!

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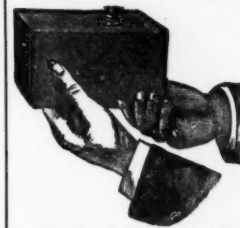
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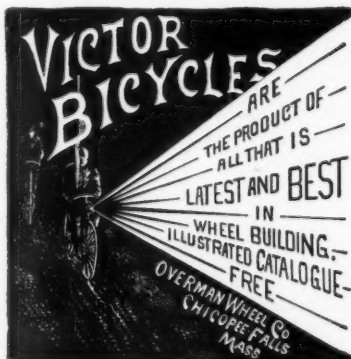
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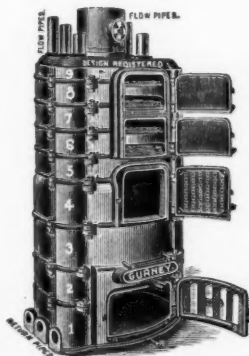
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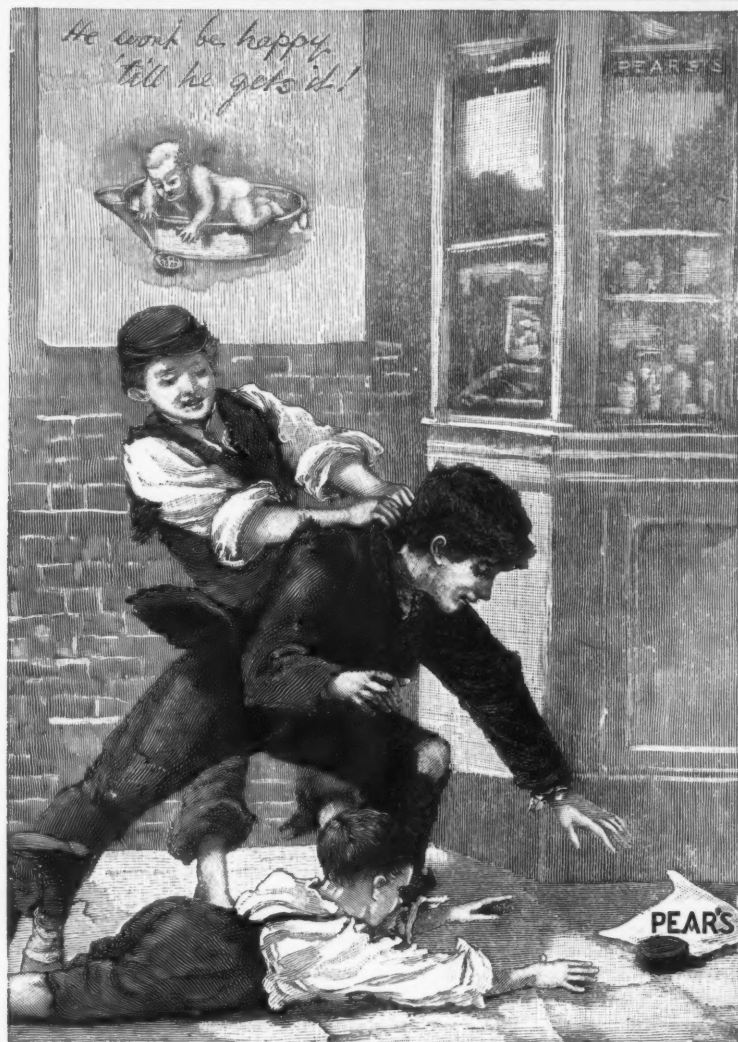
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GENTLEMAN: I'm afraid you're a bad egg. This is the third time I've caught you poaching.

PAT: Sure, av I wuz a bad egg, I wouldn't poach.  
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